I am the black box with no keys
I am the impossible recipe to cook in ease



Egypt's Twilight & Twinkles in Daylight

Dar Lila Kayan Corp
for publishing & distribution

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&
Twinkles in Daylight

Ameera Fouad

Kayan Corp for Publishing & distributing

Dar Lila

Book:

Egypt's Twilight & Twinkles in Daylight

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Ref:

2012/ 23304

ISBN:

978-977-5238-59-7

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Ameera Fouad

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Dar Lila



Preface

Mother (reads):I WANDERED lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host, of golden daffodils;

(Daffodils by William Wordsworth)

As she read, she kept dancing and fluttering in the air, trying to personify the characters turning their words into actions' and actions into deep feelings; and feelings into a world of imagery. Ahmed, her elder son, at his third grade would stare to see the mother moving here and there as if captured in a movie of fantasy. Nevertheless, he would babble saying "I wandered ..." and then a pause, "o'er vales and hills "and then impulsively cheering "Daffodils" ... "Daffodils" he would keep repeating and chanting.

Mother: "No, Ahmed, you missed the whole poem" and again she would dance and flutter like daffodils, explaining to him " ... the meandering over valleys and hills ... lonely as a cloud .. Here comes the moment, when the speaker comes across a crowd of daffodils. Stretching out as far as the eye can see, fluttering and dancing in the breeze ...":

Then all of sudden, a humming voice she would hear coming from the two storey-bed citing the whole poem, as easy as a fatty child craving chocolates full of nuts and caramel. She looked haphazardly upwards to see her five year old curly hair daughter singing and chanting the whole poem, mimicking and copycatting all what she, herself, was doing, as if she was witnessing a little version of herself .She stared upon the lone shot, amazingly impressed by seeing a little daffodil playing in her two storey-bed. From that time onwards, this little child was so caught, so absorbed in rhyming poems she could recite, taht she would fly away with their imageries, metaphors, personifications, allegories, etc.

And days passed and years went on one after another and the little girl grew up a year after the other. But the imagery of the daffodils never slipped the little girl's memory and she never let the poem out of her mind. Daffodils she would sing and Daffodils she would attempt to write about many years later.

I never really asked myself, "why do I write?", or for whom do I write? Or for what do I write? These questions never blurred my vision or stopped my pen .Honestly, my mind ponders only on, "what kind of stuff do I write about? And whether my words are meaningful enough? Are they worthy of being written? Are they precious enough to be read even by myself many years later on? Will these thoughts be read by anybody other than me?

Writing always seems to me as streams of thoughts polarizing at very awkward yet very touching moments. Sometimes I feel like writing in a taxi with no pens and no papers. But, still, I write on the back of my medicine pack using my eyebrows blue or black pencils. Sometimes I write while lying having sunbath on my beautiful Mediterranean Sea beach with the sun flashing upon her happiness and keeping literally and metaphorically playing with me for the rest of the day. And of course as many writers do , my inspiration moments always come at night causing the mode of sleepless nights. However they turn out to be the bed where my writings can sprout . I can be caught writing standing, sleeping, walking, daydreaming, jogging, studying, surfing, lying down, and in whatever state I could. Because I do know that if I don't write once the idea flashes, it will never be the same again.

Whether writing is a spur, a spark, a flow or a flair, it is what it is. In my case, when I think about it, it is people who always inspire me the most. It is always the gut, the hatred, the feelings of love, of being teased, of being despicable, of being over the moon. It is always the smile and they cry. It can be about someone cuddling baby or about an endless fight with a husband, about colleagues, about competition at work, about the ugliness and the beauty of nature and about the most contradictory things. That's what I mostly write about. I write about how I see human feelings.

Alas, there is nothing more gracious than being inspired by a friend, by a taxi driver, by the smile of an old man in street, by seeing a child teasing his young brother, by the smile of a giving person, by wearing your mother 's dress behind her back, by the happiness of being on a winner's side, by being successful, by watching a good match with the family, by reuniting with your sister after a long voyage , by waking up with a good dream, by a gift from your best friend, by the support of your manager, by witnessing an old man's reaction as he gets the news of his pension being raised . These are a few of my favorite things that do inspire me .One can always choose an aspect to write about; a negative or a positive impact. Actually, both impacts are outcomes. In addition, both are positive energy that you can spread through the universe. So, I don't care what impact it has had upon me. But, I do care about the outcomes. These outcomes are like breath, food and water; in other words, a necessity that is much more precious than all.

Yes, I love writing and I love how the written word appeals to me. Even though it locks me in an imaginary world of mine, I love its unique amalgam stirring its insights, its history, its wit, its charm and its enlightenment. I hope this book would speak to tens of thousands of protestors, to small groups of homeless people, to activists, to mothers, to managers, to politicians, to writers, to feminists, to naturists, to students, and to everyone. I hope the moment is

captured and the needs of the readers could be met hearing my voice and getting the message I wanted to deliver. I hope everyone can see this book as a flower spreading its perfume of thought to float high over vales and hills “for a poet could not but be gay in such a jocund company".

Acknowledgments

Since these inspirations and these sparks of hope or disappointment create a milieu or joie d' espirit, this book should be dedicated to those people who encouraged me and mostly to those who inspired me.

Thank you very much Ahmed, my very dear brother, my lifetime pillar Daddy, and my lovely grandmother (Tatta)

Very special thanks must go to my dear friend Olfat Nour El Din who worked tirelessly side by side with me editing. She embraced me with every piece of knowledge she has. Without your encouragement and the relief you embraced me with, during the book "processing", this book could have never gone to light.

Thank you Ahmed Amir El Ghazouly for his creative vision, which captured the magic through the interior graphics and the front cover.

Thanks a lot to the professional photographer: Mohamed Dallal for your captivating photos and for your livelihood spirit and professionalism in shooting and your ingenious ideas.

Thank you Salma Mohamed Samy for the exceptional introduction you endorsed this book with. It is great to have your own touch here reminiscing our scholarly university days.

Thanks a lot to my colleagues and mentors in Al Ahram Weekly Newspaper. Though I am a freelancer, I love being part of your amazing team. (Mr. Galal Nassar, Mrs. Amany Abdel Moneim, Amira El Noshokaty & Nader Habib, Angy Essam)

I want to thank also Dr. Susie Mashaal and Dr. Nihad Mansour for believing in me and for supporting me. A Grande thank you is also extended to : Asser Mattar, Rasha Adel, Marwan Abdin and Mohamed Shouman..

Thank you Rasha Magdy and Dina Medhat Asser for being my truthful friends and for your overwhelming spirit and encouraging me to go on, no matter what. I would like to extend my gratitude to all my dear friends who really granted me all encouragement. Very special thanks must go for all those who wrote comments on my articles in Ahram and elsewhere, on Facebook Notes, on my blog, on Twitter.

Thank you my publisher Dar Lila; specifically Mr. Mohamed Samy .I am blessed to have such an amazing team of people.

A sense of deep gratitude must go to: Naglaa Sobhy , a lady whose inspirations set me free and set my dreams awake in daylight . A lady who stood by me at my weakest and my strongest times, alike. Thank you for being in my corner, for being someone I can always count on. I do love you

& Last but not least to

To my mother, my dear morning blessings "Nassamat" My mother who cuddled me, endured & stood by me at all times, who is a real support of me in everything I do and who dreams of me getting married " apparently like all mums". Therefore, I cannot really thank her enough for everything. .My mother is my mother. Mummy, I hope you would be proud of me one day. .Please, consider this book your baby till you have a real one, on my own in shaa Allah

Introduction

Every great nation naturally experiences events that are considered historic milestones, having colossal effects, not only politically, but also socially, economically and culturally. Egypt in this regard is no exception and the richness of Egyptian history with such major incidents—known though to very few of its citizens—stands witness.

The 25th January revolution is the latest of these milestones, and although its political, social and economic repercussions cannot be yet obviously stated, its cultural and artistic impact is overwhelmingly staggering. With the very early stage of the revolution—the world-renowned and internationally celebrated 18-day civil disobedience ending in toppling the last military president—artistic expression was employed as a rebellious act of resistance, as well as a mature psychological defense mechanism on the part of freedom fighters. Artistic expression, exemplified by the many underground bands, young poets, script writers, stand-up comedians, novelists and directors, has also served as a defiant, audacious, creative means of opposition during the second and third waves of the revolution.

Ameera Fouad, the author of the book being introduced now, is one of these promising young artists. A freelance writer in Ahram Weekly, she has managed once and again to impress readers with main feature articles, tackling their very dire concerns and contributing to the unrevealing and the alleviation of their suffering. She has always been there, interacting with and positively affecting her community, or at least trying, with her words and actions, to proactively bring about change. Having the spirit of a poet and the keen eye of a lover, she has always been able to easily relate to genuine human experience, and provide a true depiction of it via her words.

Through this collection of poems she provides a poetic outlet to some of the most suppressed feelings of her readers; a voice to some of their most unheard, unexplored thoughts. In a time when ideas are disheveled and chaotic, and in an age in which pandemonium is the norm, Ameera has skillfully managed to capture our perplexed perceptions, at times even expressing such confusion. In other words, she has said what we want to say.

Driven by an uncompromised love to her country, a powerful belief in its revolution and an insatiable appetite to life, Ameera has written this collection. The book can be presented as a contribution to a newly formed conscience of her generation, joined in this attempt by other young artists in other genres.

By: Salma Mohamed Samy

Table of Content:

To My Grand Pa
(May his soul rest in peace)

Egypt, my country & January 25^{th} Revolution

Though this section is short and doesn't represent the whole revolution, I am sure you'd get a good glance of what we are going through: our deepest fears and our utmost happiness.
God bless you, my dear Egypt
I love you

Dedicated and devoted to all Egypt's martyrs,
My brothers and my sisters who lost their lives

I am the Tahrir Square
I am Only Two Years Old

I am only two years old
I cannot say where I was born

I was all over the country that year
In Suez's *Arbaeen* & in Alex *Kaed Ibrahim*

My birthday is supposed to be today
But for some reason I am not gay

Nothing happened from what I called for
Everyone here took a fall

My blood of last year is still wet
It hasn't dried yet: I am very fret

Now, people call me awful names
Some say I am not loyal or steadfast
Others say that I did that for some fame
Everyone forgets that everything was false & fake

The flags stood there and martyrs fell down on my walls

My pavements witnessed mockery and blood thirst against the falls

I witnessed one celebration when the tyranny fell down
But all was brainwashed by some referendum I don't know about
They said "I get Kentucky "and Donald duck mimics my voice
It is Egypt's voice for God's sake: come and see me if you are still unaware

There are babies: women and children
I have *niqabs* , *hijabs* and ladies in red coats
I embed everyone: the *Salafists* and the hairdos
I love everyone: the doctors and the engineer ones

Don't tell me: I am not there
Don't tell me: to step aside and run
I have been just one year old
And all I got is none
I am the *Tahrir* square
And I am proud to be the one
I am an example of all the suburbs and people who have nothing
I am an example of Nobel Prize winners and of all *sheyoukhs* and Nuns

I am the freedom, the bread
I am Ahmed who lost his eyes
I am Mina who lost his life
I am the social justice, the democracy and all the above
I am the dream, your dream
I am Egypt and all the Egyptians

When Railways Become the Death ways

When Railways became the death ways
Tracks flooded with blood
Windows reflected body remains
When the steel rails were covered with red copybooks and drawing sheets
Drawings with "Egypt" inside
The revolution, the president, the parliament
All garlanded with red, black and white
.....But Oh !
When those children came under the railways
Young angles were hoarded in graveyards
....
Mothers moaned
They screamed!
From Asiout,
They wailed and fathers howled
And their shrieks reached my Alexandria coast
I heard them so loud
Deafening my ears
Sending world roars
Oh! My God! For His sake

Her four children died
All in no time
And their cousins, too along
So long could days last for long
……
That's when silence could speak shrieks
When eyes could not tear any more
When hearts screeches with endless pain

More than fifty two angels: died
In a cold blooded state where souls have no price
Where rails always take the lives
Where no one could be accused and no one could be executed

So what happens to Ahmed , Mohamed , Mahmoud and little Nour
And their mother
Who went insane
She was ordered to be placed
In the hospital where reason was not questioned anymore
In the hospital where minds are better kep and saved
Why brains….why mind….why commonsense?
When the world outside is full of insanity and bloodshed

But she is not alone
She will never be alone
There are thousands of mothers like her
Who lost their sons in either a railway or a revolution
In either a bus accident or in Mohamed Mahmoud street
In either this or that ...
Or that and this...

That hospital ...Abaasya one is much better than living with wilds
May be we could all go there to rescue our lives from all tyranny mad times
Where the cost of a dead child: is 4000 pounds
And for the injured ones: a thousand pounds
That's where commonsense lies
That is where our railways lie

This poem is dedicated to the families of the fifty-two children who died in disastrous Asiout railway last November 2012, which took the lives of innocent children while they were on their way to school No one was accused and no one was charged for being guilty. The story being told here is drastically true

It is the 28th of January

May Their Souls Rest in Peace and Rest in Paradise for Real

It is the foggy air of all airs
It is the mist which persists in all fears with tears
It is the calls which have been cut
It is the phantoms of all ghosts
It is the thugs of all drugs
It is the fires of all wires
It is the day, the one day

When speechless tongues prevailed
When all rights got violated and hacked

When the man with the cap
When the guard of freedom
When the officer of protection
Went insane ...and sanity was his only fault

Blood was the prime scene
Blood was the major theme

Smoke was easily sniffed inside houses
Streets were all filled with our martyr's scents
Falling one after another
Falling like peels of roses
Young and at their very primes
Young and full of dreams very wild
Young in their rosy cheeks
Young in their wits of minds
Yet,
Their time has come
To die
And to be called martyrs

Nothing could be said
Hearts cracked and souls bled
Oh! Our mothers shrieked
Oh! Our fathers screeched
He could be you
She could be I
It could be your son
It could be you daughter or your mum

The tyranny was still there very happy with his red cheek
Sitting! No sticking to his chair with resilient® superglue
Laughing like a devil's freak
Smiling when he made his speech

Caring less about "our" martyrs,
Caring more about "his" own son who lies

Words sounded like cannons, pistols and gunshots
All what he created was much more than blasts with shots

And in an awful fight, one Wednesday night
In a stranglehold spot named *mawkat el gamal*
or
Camel's battlefield
Molotov ...yeah Molotov
& an evil conspiracy of camels & horses
were brought to relinquish any spoken mind
Attacked more & more roses
And silence was blind
...
And he" yes"
He did not mind

To kill his sons
With his own gunshots

With teargas or bullets straight to the heart & eye
With suffocating gases that swept away everything alive

Sometimes we cried, other times we smiled
Sometimes we fled away, other times we stood facing them all the way
But there we stood in all Egypt's squares
To topple a- thirty year old despotism
Demanding some cracks of bread
Yearning for democracy & social justice
Jeopardizing our own lives and our children's' lives
For
"*Eish , Horreya , Adala Egtemaya* ""

Of all Men, I Have Seen...

Of all Men, I have seen some are fortuned enough to go with their lies
While others are in enough disgrace to spot their lies

But which of which is better and which in which is more right

Oh! Hushed October came with more plight and fright
Men's tongues are like snakes twisting and faking day with night

Swarming like bees and bees they are with no honey but toxic venom
Spreading their lies and tainting the world's truth by deadly poison

Oh! are these the tyranny's tokens or are they just the autumns usual openings?
Leaving out the flower that bud , and the lilies that bloom like no other
But this year seems to be like no other: for fair becomes foul and foul becomes fair

Hopes have turned to fears and justice, the blindfolded, turned to blood folded

Men who have power lying in their hands want to have it all: more power, more money

And more of anything and more of everything: it is never enough for them

For if they can have the rivers and the Niles, the mountains and the oceans as coffers

For if they can make brothers fight and cousins kill one another for extra cushion feathers

For if they can turn springs to autumns and summer heights to winter torrent floods

Nothing would satisfy them for within their hearts lie Siren's disgrace and Men's gluttons

But still they are men at the end

whether those we spot their lies or those not yet, still

And within their false hearts and their masked faces, there must be some human remains

There must be some traces of their childhood innocence or their teenage virtues

For no one is evil by nature, but sometimes span of life changes people to good or bad

And if we really do care about those people whom we love, we can tell them in the eyes
If we really do care about those beguiled, so guide them by forgiving their guilt or harms

Let us bring back the autumn's springs again and let the bees give us honey just as times of yore
Let us all think of the pleasures of the day and not to think of things far away
Let us feel the other's beauty & good traits: just like reminiscing the springs of past years

Let us feel love again for your love will make my love stronger:
Let us make the world a better place for us all , for the matter lies in your hearts' fonder ①

Just like our Revolution, So was the Royal Wedding

Oh, I wondered how it would be like
For a prince,, a princess and a fairy tale at daylight

For a girl witnessing a revolution in her own country
Making history and raising flags but still rusty and musty

Developing still and trying its best to cleanse and to purify
The old regime's dirt, dust and sixty years of playful bolo tie

The news become, suddenly, all flagged and bustled with William and Kate
Their names are already there in the memories of the rich & the poor all the same

A love story just like a faraway fairy tale like no other
Neither our Arabic nor the English movies could envisage any other

And we poor people trying to grasp bits and pieces of all its details

Like a mother sewing her daughter's dress for her wedding day in hails

Just like our revolution, whose windows were Facebook and Twitter
So was the royal wedding; we kept sharing its posts in twister and glitter

And we do watch here all what's happening for the British royal wedding
And reminisce about the royal family's glamour and grandeur in rising
Then falling drastically down with all their sons, daughters; gowns and rounds
But that's how things could be when democracy wasn't on the top of all crowns

But neither the political debates nor the state's unrest could prevent us from our Niles
Or from watching the English Royal Wedding and make our eyes blink with smiles

The streams of souvenirs are pouring over from every gift shop and street corner
Chinese mugs, silver plated plates & t-shirts are staggering for every foreigner

We miss the carriage, the custom, the propriety and the protocol of the oldies
As much as we miss all the times and the golden age of the forties and the fifties

We are all crammed and jammed with stress, work and Monday trauma
As if we are all in spacecraft or discovering everyday fauna and flora

How much do we need smiles and beams in our lives to get our souls free?
How much do we all need royal weddings to get dressed, and adorn in glee

We need all; I guess; to make ourselves happy and merry with love and ease
Dancing in ballrooms and wearing jewelries and diamonds with no cease

But with the one we love the most ;we] will make the best of the piece
For if he was not there, so why do you want the world to rest in peace

May Allah grant His blessings to William and Kate's royal wedding

May He make their minds and hearts rest in peace with no worry or fears
As we pray as Muslims for God to bless the newlyweds ever after jovial heading
We all wish the prince and the princess to live happily ever after in cheers, dears

May every couple and those newly married in Tahrir Square or Kornish Street
Be blessed with love, laughter and royal garlanded lives
Even if they are not of royal blood or any kinship family tree
May royalty be the theme of everyone's lives alike

Oh! Sorry for I am
Not of Cattle Mentality nor I Mimic like Mice

Sometimes I lament myself for being myself

Should I wear a mask, a disguise or stay behind

A face I have to reveal with no mind

A brain I have to boast with no light

How when I am not a goat, a sheep or some lice

Oh ! sorry for I am

Not of cattle mentality nor I mimic like mice

Why do I think or have to have an opinion?

How could I have a say in such a cause or for just a simple idea?

Female or male …suppression takes the upper hand

Mostly by the older generation:

Who made us falls into deep abyss

Who worship tyrants and now they came with us

Revolting? And they say they're on our sides ?

But they made us just hobos when they with their thirty years

Of striking silence: are still locked down by their fears

I don't want to fall into the same mistake
To judge a generation as wild or fake
I don't know still
and I can't decide who will
cut the cake

We are all humans and it is our right to do with some lame
Oh ! sorry for I am
Not of cattle mentality nor I mimic like mice

We keep dancing on the steps of a crooked ladder
Birds must be laughing at us waving their feathers
Hahahahaaaaaaa
Look at their seats ...look at the galabeya party dressing so weird
Look at their feet ...look at their jeans, their long hair and wild beards
The parliament , the people's assembly , the House of Commons
This is how they see us, what I could say?
It has become a comedy show .It makes us so miserably gay.
I could say what else we wish to have but a bundle of nays

But a parliament whom we chose and dare to say

It is our parliament .It is our people .That's a very sad story to .

Everything has become a very big mockery

With everyone passing judgments like a dramatic tragedy

And seeing themselves as men of truce and truth

And seeing themselves as our saviors from all the traitors and turn coaters

And yes …poor sheep…poor goats

You made us draw similes and personifications of your kind

Although your kind is much worthier in world than our lives

You simply deserve your living and you simply deserve your brains

You follow your leader ….but we …

We…,

mmm.

We follow our free minds

In Between

In between the lines, there are many sorrows and finds,
But who can read all these with no guide and without going blind
Who can predict the near future and tell us what stands behind?

They told us, "everything will be different and to a better Egypt "we are to be
But they never told us," People would be ravenously taking vengeance from every person they see"
Those streets would become the home of criminals
And those beggars would be more than workers and farmers
That the employees in every factory would claim "distress and poverty"
Even if they take millions, thousands or hundreds of poor Egyptian pounds
They ceased working; they ceased to be moralized
Their morals have vanished in between their naked skin
And have become bloody thirsty for every penny, pounds or akin

They are thirsty for money which was washed outside
They want to bring back money laundry

To have cash divided among us, the Egyptians

You take five million...I take five million

And everyone would be rich, happy and in delight

The money which was hoaxed and smuggled from every bank

From the bourgeoisie, as if history stands there in perplexity

My mind cannot do anything but be in deep bewilderment

In such vacant company; in such pensive mood of my own countrymen

Why are you keeping your morals under your skin?

Where have your ethics been?

Where's your beauty gone?

Why've you become so bold, false and naught?

As Nil, is the answer for all your matches?

Zero is s the answer for all your questions

AND Minus, is the affirmative counter of all your mathematical equations

And Negative spreads amid your veins, your mind-sets and your approaches

Are you in denial of mere facts?
Are you enjoying all these callous acts?
What do you pretend to be?
What show do you wish to see?
The shows are so many to keep a bind
And the scenes are everywhere each night
Light has vanished with no return
Dream's disappeared in fuss with no adjourn

I do wonder, What will be of "us "?
I do wonder and my hair stands still for all those nuts
Who have happened to be there in all slums
In all villas, in all high chairs, and even in huts

A weird collection they are of people
And such a strange combination of all men who beetle
Like insects or ants that sting and penetrate hardly into veins
And leave their wounds open and a cavernous scar that never heals

You are not the pharos you used to be
You are not the Muslims you were born to be
You are not What Jesus taught you in the Holy Bible.
You are not what you are ought to be

As many as you are in number
As many as you are in slumber

I thought you've had this awakening call
I thought you've grown up millions of years
A Seven thousand years, you are living to witness the fall
And the rise of great tyrants in tears and fears

And I do wonder, still, What are you? And who are you?
And the questions linger there in the clouds that float so high
Sheltered and masqueraded in shadows as no one knows the real you
Simple yet intricate, your soul reaches the soil of your Nile

I Won't Say I Love You ...
I Won't Say I am Sorry

My love for you is far beyond hundreds of centuries of patience and peace
My love for you is far beyond a country, a religion, a color or a creed

I won't say I love you simply because you are my half soul, my half Egyptian blood
Your veins reach my blood in every occasion, for every neighbor as a flower in a bud

You are my Meena , my Michael , my Sarah and my Saskia
You are my John , my Joseph , my Mariam and my Martina

You are my neighbor, my classmate, my manager and my friend
You are my soul mate, my best friend, my colleague and comrade till the end

You are my sister who knows me better than myself and my Mum

You are my brother who grew up with me in school and played with mud

You are my everyone, my father, my brother and my mother
You are my shelter for peace and my shadows of love and security than any other

In a country whose peace is scattered over here and there
In a country whose doomed democracy never appears to surface somewhere

In a country, whose people sacrificed themselves in endless struggles & wars
In a country whose people are swerved with prejudice, injustice and world roars

In a country whose education needs a superman to collect all its speckled fragments
In a country whose ten year old Ramy failed to write his name on his exam papers

In a country whose jobs and occupations are all via favoritism & nepotism, like drains ditch
In a country whose scientific nuclear researchers are found over your foul dish.

In a country whose name has been only cheered for in football matches so soaring
In a country whose young Khaled was brutally murdered by your policemen so moaning

In a country whose Mikes have been proscribed and your "Sharaawy" passed away
In a country whose deities from both religions didn't share the "us" but probably the "you" & "I"

And probably the "I "did hurt and the "you": it did brainwashed hundreds of youth
And the result is a monster killing more than eighty million Egyptians

And may be not? May be an Alien? A terrorist? Our enemy? Or a brutal serial killer?
For whoever such a creature is, in hell he shall be burnt more than a million time

Can we see hopes of wisdom in the lives of the nations?
Can we see the clarity of the vision to survey the problems?
Can we see the vain memories lashed away for peace and strength?
Can we see our new horizon to plant a plenty of morals and instill good ethics?

I won't tell you I am sorry for all my sorrowful mothers or the widowed wives

I won't tell you I am sorry for all the daughters who lost their fathers or their aunts

I won't tell you I am sorry for all the victims; the injured and the dead ones

For sorry is just a word with sense but with no action

& the "you "and the "I "will be repeated with nonsense and with no reaction

That's why I won't tell you I love you ...& I won't tell you I am sorry

For your loss is my loss and much more, so not to worry !

For you are part of me and I am part of you, until the end of time

Happy Eid Meeelad Meguid to all my fellow Egyptians..., (not the end of line)

I've been in Disputes All Night Through Over the Facebook & Twitter boo !!

I was wondering
If people could be much more aggressive that this
If the world would be much sadder than what it is

I've been in disputes all night through
Over the Facebook & Twitter boo

People have grouped themselves
Some are Saints , others are Sheyoukh
Some are seculars and others are atheists

Some play games only and those are the joyful ones
Some read quotes only and those are the wise ones
Some shares notes only and those are the cunning ones

Some write dull dreary statuses that might set your brain at fuss
Some write funny flurry statuses that make you laugh your heads off

Links of newspapers have been looming everywhere
So are arguments and disputes here and there

Photos, links , "fatwa"s 've become for everyone to write
to impose his own view which he holds tight
Sharing links and uploading videos to prove his own right
Insulting you on your own wall, on your own link, that should rather be "yours" to fight

Some speak about dead and others about bread
Some think they are Saints to give us permission to imbed
For God's sake, all what we need sometimes is some peace of head
We cannot by any means, talk about the unread underlying meanings of the dead

What's wrong with you, people?
What's wrong with you, nation?

That's a question to adhere to
These are my stream of tears

People are judging
People are commenting
People are twitting
People are acting
People are lying
People are following
People are rioting
People are pushing
People are barbering
People are murdering
People ...
are...
mm...
People! I think,
But
They ceased to be humans

So, I won’t question these facts and I won't argue with anybody anymore
Since you ceased to be humans, I will no longer articulate your rights or words furthermore

On Our First Democratic Parliamentary Elections

Islamists won the majority of the seats

I see despair mirroring in your eyes
And disappointment has overshadowed your nights

I see the horizon so black and grey
The clouds could not dare to go anymore fair

We wonder if it is fair or fairness we seek
We got tumbling in our own votes this week

Some are happy and some are extremely sad
Some sleep their nights gloomy, dull and mad

Some are frightened and others are scared
Some are satisfied and waiting for some more air

Time keeps running "where are you to go ?"
People are not as we thought they were

But you and I, wouldn't go gently into the darkest nights of nights

We will fight till the last breath and stand still defending the rest of the light

Whatever the outcomes are, don't you dare to quit or leave

Wait till we see! And let them prove we were all wrong

Oh! That's what I aspire and that's what I dream of

Because nothing would make us leave

Our country or surrender to anyone's evil plans and knee

Flower's Whispers

I could have never felt a heart so immense
As gold as it might seem, deep inside so warm, so clean
So pure, in its magic, in its charm, in its lure

The flowers whisper. The deep ocean speaks so softly
So lovely, so spiritual with an eccentric piety
Sometimes there are some hearts like this, other times not

In a world where violence prevails and wars have the upper hand
We usually send a voice or two to someone's heart
To heal wounds and wipe out gashes
To recover what was once ruined and now in wreck
To destroy the world of conspiracy in this disgraced scheme
To dispel the fog of uncertainty and vacillation
To abolish the past of tyrants, autocrats and bullies
To shout out in mighty voice against weapons of mass destruction
To strive to reduce arms and give way to the lighting of candles

To heave our necks from the tyrant crushing heel
To improve a world tormented by malice and pettiness

We send a voice of ours to remind people
Of vaunted idealism of paramount liberty
Which will endure like a hardy tree
Gone into the winter time, awaiting spring

Spring might come, might never be
No one knows, neither you nor me
Till then, we will keep on sending messages
To people's hearts until a man shows out of the gloom
Whose dauntless-courage and skills can reap a harvest of life
May be then the word "peace" would be recalled in the hearts and minds of men

In Such a Foggy Night

A lamp was burning in such a foggy night

From a dreadful day
From dreary despair
From deep disappointment

From howling, sobbing, bawling and even sniveling

We sought your help

Our pleas were burning the ears of the world
Our minds were hovering weaving with frenzy and fury
Our heads were overflowing with interminable restless monologue

A lamp was yet burning in such a foggy night

Fragments of unforgotten rhymes were dragged a bit by bit
My fingers began to write, having writ, so on it moved
Pages and pages were in ink, one after another with no stop

But still, a lamp was yet burning in such a foggy night

Thus, I took a flight into another existence
Into a secondary world of imagination
Where I could walk alone, slave to no man،
Crossing paths dim and perilous with audacity and courage

I saw the waves, from a little distance
Upon the shore, I laid relaxed with an exquisite tranquility
But, the rays of the sun were soon dissolved
Night glanced, dressing its black gown
Looking at us with fright, staring as a foreboding cloud

Something hitherto unimaginable happened

Despite the lamp that kept burning،
The night turned as clear as crystal

A new chapter in my life began
A new scene in the play set in motion
A curtain, a brand new one, drew up this time

And the lamp that had kept burning all night
Blew away with the first glance of sunlight

Why Should It Be You & I ?

I really don't care
If you are Salafist, Muslim Brotherhood or Christian
I don't care
If you are Masonic, secular, worldly or Jewish
I don't care
If you are wearing hijab, niqab, burqa or nothing at all
I don't care
If you go to the beach naked, wearing bikini or having your full clothes on

Well،
I don't care if you are such or such
And I really don't care if you are with me or against me

People always ask me, "Are you with Us or with Them"
"You seem to be with Them though you should be with Us"
And they start raising their voices, "You should be with Us"
"It is for your own benefit to join us!"

...

And the words become fights and clashes with blood and strain

And no sooner, would they become bullets and shots straight into my heart and brain

...

Well, sometimes I answer and most times I do not

Because simply, I find it ridiculous to get asked by you!

Yes, by "You", my fellow human being!

Well, I am human and simply just as you are،

I m not anyone and I am not everyone

I am neither for nor against

I am just witnessing what's happening, from a deep safe distance

And Yes, it satisfies me to have this distance apart from you and them

It satisfies me to be like that: just witnessing without talking

May be I am passive .May be not

May be I am right .May be not

May be you and I, both are right

May be you and I , both are wrong

May be the questions raised can have both: the right and the wrong

So...

Why it should be "You "and , ?
Why it should be fights, clashes, bullets and shot?
Why should voices be loud and knots are not's?
Why should you insult, offend and cast lots?

What matters most is not "you" nor "I ?
Belonging to this group or to that party, or to such page or to such age
We are just players for some time to perform on this land
We are destined to be born and to work on its sand

It is rather about the milk of humanity being there in each one of us
Such milk, which reminds us of our true virtues and ethics, not buzz and fuss
To respect the Other's humanity and to seek our far-fetched dreams
To work for this country as we've never done before or after or ever to be

At last, we'll see…
Either we could let go of our clashes and our frivolous differences
Or we would all be dragged into frightful war of "You "and "I"

Why am I Liberal?

Am I not to be free?
And to speak with words out loud
To take a stand for my rights
But never to shout out piercing with fire

Am I not to be honest?
With my country, myself and my children to be
To speak the truth for truth speaks no false
To vote with my fingers pointing against the beards
The *galabeya* outfits and the shortsighted minds with false brains

Am I not to be truthful?
To who we are rather than not what you want us to be
To what we are rather than what you need us to be
To our true nationality rather than the nationality you look up to be

Am I not to be faithful?
To the mud I got out from
To the plant I raised and the sun that shone
To the food I ate for twenty years and got poisoned from

To the grubby grimy water and to our fruits and veggies that've gone
To the cracked pavements that made me fall over and tumbled on

Am I not to be loyal?
To all the blood that was shed
To all the eyes that have been lost
To all the walks, the sit-ons , the tempers and the rage
To all our grannies who went to vote, leaning on a stick or being carried by a soldier

Am I not to be tolerant?
To all Christians and to all conservatives
To all Muslims, whether Sunni's or Shii's
To all women, fully veiled or half naked
To all men wearing galabeya or well vested suits
To the toddler, to the poor and to our aged senile

Am I not to dream ?
....
Am I not to dream?
Of a better Egypt

Tomorrow Is Ours

Hours in our Egypt are ticking by
Curtains are about to draw close

Sun seems to get a final sleep
It will vanish with no return

Its rays that peep in our beloved windows
Will cease to shine: will end

Though Daylight is still lingering,
The moon is shining as bright as light

Light seems to grow fainter and to lose its color
And everything is fading into a shadow-world

Is it time to say good-bye: to bid farewell?

No one answered: no one replied
But
the loud blowing of the wind as it always sounds
the thunder that crashed deep and near
the lightening that gleamed fierce and frequent
the cataract-like rain that fell all of a sudden from no where

I shattered at the mere thought
Earth doesn't want to let us go

The words fell like the knell of doom
It's too soon, too early for going away

But just like the sunset whose orange was melting into purple
A voice was babbling into our ears
There is no chaos: no more heavy clouds
It's just a form of life

The revolution was just an avenue to virtue and modernity
It is just a way to enjoy the fruits of life

May be it has its ups and downs
But this is just a portrayal of life

If we looked at ourselves right now, we will see
That we have been released from our limited bodies
That we have been given the freedom to become anything
To feel anything and to see anything

We desired liberty and so we did grasp
We perceived a time and place where
Spring prevails and freedom still survives
In the hearts and souls of miraculous men

Shall we ask for more?
Or let's just say good bye and leave the room for others to come?

And so we decided to leave for
"Tomorrow is ours"
It is calling; it is waiting for us all

Thus, I won't bid you farewell but I would rather
See you soon, in the eyes of our children
And the coming generations to be,
In the coming revolution to be
All I could say for now is:
Adieu, adieu and adieu

Yes, I Do Love Thee, My Dear Country

I love you when I hear your name echoing through my ears
I love you when I see your title sparking with no fears

I love you and I cheer up for you at both times of distress and jolliness
I love you and I would die if anyone attacked you in infirmity and illness

I love you though you are not number one and still you are paving your way
I love you though many people speak behind your back and your light is fading away

I love you for your warm hugs and your flowering kisses
I love you for your gentle air and for you delightful blue skies

I love you for you are distinguished with no peer and for you are dear
I love you and I am in deeply in love with you, my sunshine with no fear

All my love feelings would be translated under your command and your future to be
All my senses of duty I am going to give them away, this year and the next to be

Of the entire boundless world and of all the smarts nations, it is only you I can see
Of all China's massive economy and the States booming power, it is only you I can see
Of all Europe's grand history and captivating civilization, it is only you I can see

My heart shivers when I see "Egyptian "is my nationality
My mind quivers beholding you, in my purse: for you are my identity

I carry your name with me wherever I go and in whatever I see
I live up to lighten up your image with whomever I convene and meet

Oh! How much pleasant were the days of our childhood plays
Oh! Our dreams were all carved on your trees with so much gay in such sweet days

Your streets witnessed our playful teens and your trees saw our very first love to be laid

You seas washed away so many tears and fears, and carried motions of sighs we made

I live up for your history, for your great civilization, and for your endless love

Yes you bore us, you endured us and you held us tightly in your massive hug

And we show nothing but ingratitude and helpless men fully covered with faults

And we never made you proud of us blaming it all on you with our own flaws

Yes: sometimes we do condemn you and accuse you of things you are not to blame

But may be because you are our mother and we're simply babies searching for our mother milk by scratching her nipples and nicking her wide breast but they are not to blame

I am sorry for not telling you this before, but I love you, with no rust

I love you and I will always love you, till I return back again to your dust

Peace

What is beautiful peace?
It is like a basket full of sweets
It is like a flower that blossoms every day
and spreads its love to the air

How can we live in a world full of fight?
Killing an destroying with weapons at night?
How can we live in peace?
If the hearts of men are not full of love and ease
If an Arabian land is still in the hand of the vampire bat

I almost know how much I need
To spread love and loving peace

- My first poem to be written : during the Second Palestinian Intifada

Some Humans ...

Oh Ho !
No! Some humanity meddled with some nature scenes

The Awake of Some Heavenly Breezes, Last Friday Morn.

Hearing the humming and the enchanting chirping of the birds
They woke me up, last Friday morn., singing, playing and bathing in daylight
Their voices came up to me, in my dream like night

It seemed a shadow of my dreams trying to parade in reality
That is how it looked like: a dream coming to life and I am still asleep

"I am not supposed to wake up; it is Friday time; "I said murmuring
Still: the birds & the flowers kept singing their melodic song

And so did the breezes of the morn. sending my curtains quivering
My flowery curtain kept trying to stand still but all went in vain
Till all of a sudden a blast of a wind shook it so vigorously and forcefully

That it, abruptly touched my cheeks with its linen pat

My windowpanes also started shivering and moving back and forth
They did shake and tremble because of the cold but fresh air

It seemed as if nature urged me to move and to wake up early

And so; I bowed my head in respect and delight
For nature is calling & I could not turn a blind eye

And so I did wake up and yielded to its request and plea
I got attired and climbed down the stairs of heaven towards my sea

My Med Sea; blue and calm; foamy and wild as ever as it could be
Yeah, it could be all the seasons of the year, all in a moment of time

Its salty smell came to my nostrils; as if breathing heaven and hay
Its waves hitting the shore; wiped out all the wounds of the past day

Yeah, it washes everything; from crown to toe; and from toe to crown
It also clears your pains; your heart might be in lamentation and your face is frown

You can stare and write; you can stare and paint; with glee and ease
All you can do is to gaze and gape with delight and your heart 'd be pleased

You can also see your past, present and future; all at one time
to catch up with what you lost and to speed up with what you need the rest

It is all about time; life is much like the game of chairs
As long as music plays, you can go on playing; swapping the other's chairs
But the moment it stops; no one can hinder and asks why it's come to halt

Let me just remember the moments of the breeze and of sunlight
Let me just remember my waves shaking me from inside & outside
Let me just remember the horizon's birth of a new day
Let me just recall my sea; my waves; my birds and my nature gay

For as long as I shall remember, and for as long as I shall live
I shall never forget my breezes waking me up, last Friday morn.

A Very Few Who See Beauty Nowadays

A very few who see beauty nowadays
Less than the very few actually practice beauty today

It could be exemplified in your backyard garden
In your small balcony adorned with flowers and fruitful plants
It could be a plant of Anise, lemon
Of mint, tomato or allowing season's crops to grow

Your balcony becomes more than beautiful from inside and outside
It is like small garden flowering in each corner in daytime
You can never imagine the impact it could have on a passer by
Or to someone ascending the elevator from a distance and seeing this delight

The balcony is more than just bricks, stones, woods and gravels
It is much more than storing your old newspapers, staffed toys and shovels

It is the magic of enchantment
To a builder or a co worker toiling himself in daylight
And suddenly getting the fragrance of bluish- purple violet astounds him ! How bright!
To the postmen, to the street sweeper and to the maids, all right

At old times, I saw houses were bejeweled in beauty
And whole buildings were all garlanded with blossoms and fruits in booty

Balconies were so clean, pure and pots were everywhere to beckon
Housewives took upon their shoulders " what to grow every summer?"

They would take their after- six tea and their 12 o'clock coffee
They would read, knit and sew the best clothes while eating toffee
My grand pa would listen to Om kolthoum every Thursday night
With my granny, under the moonlight, the candles , in glee and light

I know how much it could be difficult to mention beauty in balconies

When all people are talking about overthrown tyrannies, Arab springy and flare nights

And when fights are allover the streets and the revolutions are at our homes

But alas, may be it is the right time to think about beauty inside and outside

May be I should start with my neighbors and those around me

May be we could create a page or two to start getting fans!

But I am afraid I might get immersed into the page and the likes

The messages, the wall posts, the groups and the comments at night

Forget all about what was the main purpose I wanted to write this poem about,

And then create the group and that page and then we shall all be alike!

Beds of Roses

Beds of roses were gone, all of a sudden, this week
"Where are you?" We all pleaded, with a shriek

"Just wait for me. The sun called me to shine
To peep in the window at morning
To set a spirit of delight amongst the lovers
To see the birds playing and singing
A melancholy song like no other
To come hither and thither to an evening star
That looks like shadows on the mountain snow
To sparkle and send my charm to those
Who are sweeter than honey on a lovely summer day?
To swiftly walk over the waves at night
And recall my dreams when I was a child"

"Please return", we said with no hope
But when the hills and valleys rang with glee
And the sun twinkled in our eyes, as always
Beds of roses came back with a smile.

When It Started the Play, the Game of Delight

I played with the sun today
It may sound crazy; it may sound light
You might say" I am delusional, fancy
Or living in a castle in the sky"

Well; say as you wish; and speak as you like
But I played with the sun today & you cannot take this light

I was right there under the umbrella in my sandy beach in Alex
I was reading a book of a loving couple losing their touch & ethics

It was neither at the climax nor at the trough ⓘ of the sun that time
It was something in between the noon and the setting of the sunlight

That's when it started to play with me and leisured me so well
That's when I felt the gracious nature cuddling me like a belle

A beam went there touching my hand though I was under the umbrella shadow

I saw its reflection on my fingers as light entering my heart at its half ⓘ

My body was lying there; part having the beam light while the rest is hollow

I was like a smiling phantom as darkness and lightness covered me each on its own behalf

Suddenly a second one came and entered my span of nature

And another one followed and then another; as if time stopped at that particular beam of light

They followed one another and dazed me with their own sudden sullen gleams

The rays played with me and the beams embraced my arms,

Lighted my eyes & revived my heart

Days would come and go but never as before

For whenever I'll be at the seashore , I'll look at the sun

And wait for the game to start and the play to run

For I'd certainly remember this scene and all such glowing light

It was then when it started the play, the game of delight

How Should I Appeal for You Today?

How should I appeal for you today?
In black, red, rose or grey

Let me count the ways I could dress
In blouse, skirts, trousers or else

Trousers could be too tight to eat
Or could be too lousy to let your body at ease

Since I am dressing for an evening
I must be generous and more giving
Of my beauty, body and booty
Of my feminine; not to Eminem

I wondered how my cheeks would look like
Crimson, rosy, cherry or Shakira like

And how my lips would look like?
Full, empty or boozy blue like

Why do women do so, for themselves?
Always dress their beauty when outside

While men hanging there all proud of themselves
"I'd wear what I wanna but you wear what I like"

Crazy you and crazy I ; so much fast and furious
To know what women or men like is a topic so curious

Jasmines

I saw my jasmine roses today
And white lilies dressed in green so gay

I remembered how my Grandma used to knit them one by one
And make stunning necklaces to be draped upon our necks in joy and fun

She'd give every other daughter, mother or sister a necklace
Of her own jasmines wrapped in love-mother endearment with so much grace

A walk through all the green areas and the meadows is a must
One through the breeze under the sunlight and the other at night
Collecting whatever beautiful blossoms her hands'd come into bud
Before seeing them all withering and wilting in grounds all right

All the flowers'd be dressed in emeralds, jades and green
And grown in vase for people' eyes to melt in love and appeal

And I wonder how this could be; they were extracted from their own nature
And laid in lifeless vase in one of the most fascinating life forms and nurture

Still; they are all alive and souls are breeding and procreating other lives
To have another generation of lilies, jasmines blossoms and buds all likes

And so I walked through a small replica of the garden I had today
Didn't feel the same but recalled what I used to have yesterday

People ask: why did you let go your garden if it is as dear to you as so?
I always answer: memories are there in every corner and I cannot let them go

Memories are hanging there in every tree, on every leave at day and night
I could count them to you one by one as I used to water them at day light
My family is all there; well seen and envisaged all well at a sight

The dead and the still alive; the passengers and the persons along in life's ride

Though joy is still there fleeing from the twentieth old oak tree
A melancholic despair song is being sang there for all the deceased

No matter how much we tried to forget the pain and to forgive the misery
It is always there: joy and despair are struggling, smuggling in futility

The Black Box

I am the black box with no keys
I am the impossible recipe to cook in ease

I am filled with secrets and hidden doors
My veins possess something I cannot tell or inform
My arteries hide words hard to describe

Full of mystery I am, but happy to be

Sleepless Night

A sleepless night
With so many thoughts
And too many heartbreaks
Like a withering stem with leaves so frail
Dropping one after another unripe on spring day
Dying soon but never partying the flowers in glare

To: Om Mohamed who got Brutally Beaten by her Husband

Love: knocks knocks knocks, saying: boom boom boom
Waiting to come in and penetrate my heart in bloom

Love knocks on the door trying to say: "Hi"
It does that so much often, day or night
From time to time, it shows up with Mc Dreamy all bright
Then it falls down sloppily in a river of lime

I do wonder then; was that love or just a fantasy of some kind?
Was it love or just some whimsies of my own mind?
Was it my decision to let go of him or was it his to decide?
Was it life fate and destiny? Or just some sort of story of mine?

And then, my heart would say "it was neither love nor likeness or anything to be
It was just a story of men's foolishness and unkind nature they've become to be"

They always say "I don't know "with spite and lies
Despite their full flaws covering them from head to toe

They still prefer women as fair as puppet showing up with ties
Knotting them as a marionette toying them to and fro

Men, whoever, wherever and whenever they are
Still abuse their wives and send them always in cries
Fighting with them as they watch bullfights or at bars
While getting what they want with shrieks and howls at nights

Time changes but women's status is still the same everywhere
And matters are getting worse by human trafficking & by more wars
The tone become unsafe and it's tragic to think about the air of unfair
Of so many sorrows, of so many horrors and of men's abhors

She is supposed to be cherished, loved and treasured
As precious gemstone too rare to be found, and too rare to be repeated
And all she gets is more and more tiresome, wickedness
As man's humiliation can't be counted or visualized in such a time of wretchedness

May be matters are worse and indescribable in poor areas and slums
Women, there are "handled" much less than both human or animal alike

It is so difficult to listen to their countless crooked stories that come
To their minds whenever you start speaking with them, all with irresistible fright

Don't be sullen shocked if you felt your tears running down your cheeks
Or felt your body paralyzed because of all distress that went straight to your knees

You would listen
To shouts and screams, sending them to work all daylight
While their men spend their days in cafés unemployed all night
Smoking their cigarettes, and playing "Tawla "with delight
And then taking all their wives money as if it is their righteous right

You would see
The bruises in every arm or knee; or in every child covering his eye
The shortage of water, the half-baked bread, and the days of dearth & blight
The cancer that has penetrated little Zeinab & Mohamed so fright
The garbage and the years of chaos in the loopy slums demolishing at any time

You could feel

That life has abandoned people there; they could be easily forgotten or vanished

That man has lost his manhood and beats his wife to feel it is being restored

That he shouts to feel his voice still echoing in the air

That he calls off all the taboo words and insults to empower his despair

The situation can never be taken lightly; it is women's rights

It is not only about love but also about treating her as our religion writes

With respect, with dignity, with love and tender

For she really needs nothing but being a little gentle

Dedicated to : Om Mohamed ,(a fifty five year old woman selling some vegetables in streets , as a way of earning money as she's the breadwinner of five children and a husband) One day, she vanished all of a sudden .All the neighborhood tried to search for her . Three weeks later, we found her in hospital, badly injured for being brutally beaten by her husband.

Shall I Ever Forgive Myself for Such a Tearful Eye?

Did I make you cry?
Have I let you shed tears?
Have I moved your heart profoundly as such ?

You cried … I heard you cry.
I can never ever forgive myself for such a tearful eye
My heart went wild like a little baby feeling the pain but do not know what to say.
And so I started feeling the drops, the tears, the frowning face, and the dizzy eyes so grey

You made me drenched, and my cheeks dripped all wet with salt
My tears dropped down little by little, till they reached my breast and got soaked

They went down slowly & carefully moving all around my rashes and my pimples
My nose sneezed and my look glowed with grimace like baby not finding its mothers nipples

One tear puckered sliding down my face so slowly at first
As I felt its salty taste plunging into my mouth so thirst

One of them jumped into my lap in a rapid speed with touching nothing but my heart on its way
And another got chocked in between my belly when it got diverted by my neck interrupting its own way

While the other one was falling from the other eye at the same time it got aside
and kept falling down on my pillow when my face leaned down on the bed abide

And the last one I kept in my heart like gold treasury trying to keep it away
From all the envying eyes to make me remember the feeling I had that day

And so, my tears went down one by one
Not knowing what to do with them; all gone

They say tears make you wash away your sadness
And tears make you smile again in madness

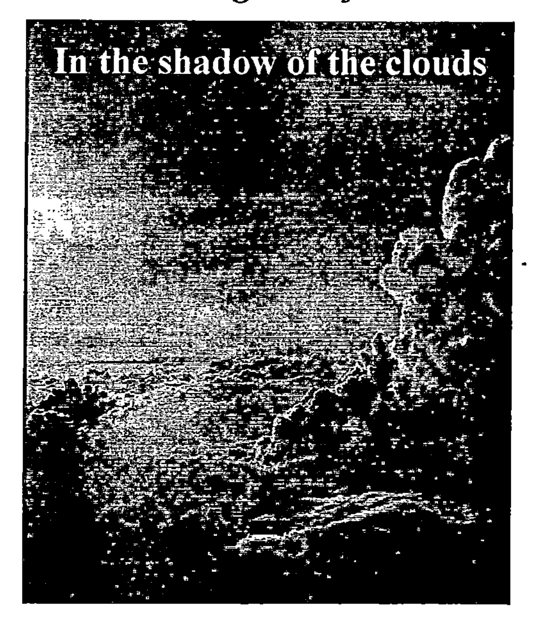
And tears are babies' best friends ever
'Cause they know nothing but them forever

And that's why I am neither ashamed if my tears are shed for you
Nor am I embarrassed to have my eyes sparkled because of you

For you are my friend and my very best friend indeed
For whenever my eyes shed again, I'll keep myself happy and pleased

I'll say that these eyes have been so graciously moved so right
I'll say that my friend is right there in my heart and mind so tight

Stream Coming Out of the Clouds



It's like a stream, no! a storm like no other
It's raving and blowing: heading towards the sky
What's going inside: why is it raging?

Does it want to be visible?
To be seen: to be stared at like its colleague

Well: it caught our eyes: didn't it?

A desert, a plain desert is lying out there

Its quietness and stiffness drive everyone crazy
Why it is so still: Like tranquility taking a rest

What are you looking at ? Come and save me
Come and save from such a coming storm
Come and save me from what a rage could bring about
Come and save me from my fellow and from myself

It is never the same: it is never like before

My friends have become my foes
My brothers have turned into my rivals
There is no time for walking around: talking to others

Just come and save me: my fellow in nature

Just look beyond the horizon
Just look beyond the sun

In that empty space there you see

That's where you'll find solace, rest and peace
Not with your foes, but rather with your self

Stretches of Mind

And here comes the end of the story
No body is perfect

No body deserves to be loved, cherished and cared for

I tried to make things work out

Just sadness and puzzlement has taken over
Disorientation has taken the upper hand
Complete bafflement is hanging all over

It is a total loss: a waste of life
When everything you believe in is ruined
Total wreckage

Just the rubbles of the day are the case

It is the remaining of an entire deceitfulness
Of more than twenty years of faithlessness

There was not a lack of trust
But rather a miss of communication

Husbands and wives

Why do you marry, if you are not merry?
Why do you try to pretend, act is if you are one
Why do you have to bear children?
And to let them bear with you your lives

But still, days are to come
Clouds are to gather
Sun is and will always have to rise

May be it will shine, may be it will not
What I'm sure of, is that it will rise

A new day has to come

A Knoll and a Dell

Mounting up the hill
Ascending these high mountains

It is a climax out there
Will you reach its peak?
Or will you go down to its deep?

The dithering mountain shook me
It quacked and quivered
Wobbled and wavered

And sent me down...

I'm at the edge of down falling
I'm just a few seconds away of slipping

I yelled and screamed

No one heard: no one replied

A deadly shriek echoed all over

I lost my balance, all the way through

Nowhere was I to be found?

Toss, Fuss and Mess

Heaps and heaps of misery
Loads and loads of despair

I have had more than enough

Its is enough for me and
Certainly enough for those close to me

They bore me to death
They bore me to tears

Weary, Weary, I'm worn out

Rubbles and bubble are spreading out
Toss and fizz like a summer blast

Remember: the time when we were young
The teddy bear we kept playing with
Hours and hours, with mo tiresome
We used to stuff them with crisps and crusts

Remember the time when we went to bed
And the songs that rhymed by themselves
They kept humming in our ears till night fell
We kept murmuring them till daylight

Remember these old days
Remember all the fun and sun

That's why we feel weary, not merry
And ample masses of drought and dearth

It seems to me growing up means weary
And being young always means merry

In the Eyes of a Baby



Your eyes reflect the ruddiness of love like Violet's Eden
Like no other as the sweetest apple in a blossomy garden

I know that I am the apple of your eyes
So what shall I tell you, my butterfly?
You are my light , my tender
And my fresh tears in yonder

You are my relief of any pain

To hold me tight into your veins
You are my treatment and my healer
You are everything to me
Oh me ,! Lucky me
like rhody roads
You tolerate me all through my days
In between the hours and the minutes to stay
I keep sitting in your retina
Like a shield protecting me from life's arena

As an iron lady you stand by me,
I know how much you are deep fragile
Though you don';t say it quite loud
I know how you wish to be hugged by my dear grand ma
And to sit on her lap and to feel what a daughter was like

If love transcends words
It it transcends miles and yards
If your retina is my home
The shield of your macula is my hearty foam

I thought of living inside your vitreous body
Or your Schlemma's canal or anywhere else you embody
But it is always safer to hang out from outside

For your eyes is much like a virtual garden among aisles
Speaking of every goodness of God's piety
I could see that God is there in your words
And If I am a just a pupil in life's worlds,
I wish to be like the pupil of your eyes
So much cherished, protected and functionally wise

I am hanging on your posterior chamber
And swinging my legs fro and to your cornea
As your Iris, I am an Iris in your glittering ciliaria
I am your Zinn's Zonule's , optic nerve and sclera

Deep inside your eyes,
Deep inside my eyes,
I love you my mummy
I love you my mummy
These are not only words or lines to write
But feelings on my heart forever themselves I'll amiably inscribe

Am I Making Fun of Myself?

Am I mocking myself?

Here, I am waiting
Here, I am staying in complete silence
Stillness is going to kill me.

I am tuning out to be malevolent
To be malicious, wicked and spiteful
Just like Macbeth, the poor guy

People say that I am poor
People say that I am meager
I am the one who drove them to do so

Why did I act like that?

Why do I pretend and act, just like actors?

I'm in a world full of imagination
A plenty of witches are surrounding me
They are suffocating me with their poisonous words
With their tempting and luring jingles
Giggling, and sniggering then, shutting me off
Sticky sweet and are sickly syrup

A fantasy, a castle in the sky
Just like sand, hovering over the clouds
Shadows are seen everywhere
They are as fast, hasty, and speedy
But there is no one, out there

I am bleeding to death

My wounds are so deep to heel

My pain is so profound to be found

A flow of blood is oozing

It is overflowing, down pouring in a torrent

I'm in a middle of a muddle

A puzzle that is brain teasing all through

A riddle that cannot be deciphered

And still mocking myself ?
Am I really doing that?

Tears in My Life

You know,
When you come to see life as a kind of mockery
You are born so as to die and when you die, you come to realize life
You try to make friends; and then when you become friends
They die or you die; you weep or they weep and cry
Sitting alone in the dark can make you chill
But sitting among your group of friends can still make you chill
Isn't it a kind of some stupid game? A mockery or something of the same?!
Life is wearing the gown of a clown and is playing its heads off
Your eyes have become filled with tears; and they are trying to drop
To drop at once, the moment a bit of fear and fright crawl to your heart
That the day may come, and the moment may come
That you shall be separated, and no longer with one another

I tried to find some gleams in the sun light peeping in the window

I tried to find a solace to turn to and to speak of my fears

I tried to tell the dark blue sea, the clouds and the night

I tried to whisper to the waves hitting the shore in fierce and pride

But what shall I speak of, it is something deep inside

A feeling not of depression, but of realization

I opened my eyes to the truth of life

We are trying to reach something, may be the stars, fame and delight

The moment we feel we are close to, the moment our light fades away

And the circle goes on and life goes on

And some people go and some come to and fro life

But still, I can't guess why there are tears in my life

When There Is a Sign of Life

When you look high, right above the sky
Feeling this warm touch of the sun lightening you fine
Sending you daydreaming and getting you lost in a reverie like

Remember me

When you breathe the buds of roses scattered around
And see the growing-green leaves roundabout
Relieving the agony and pain round and round

Remember me

When wind sends its blasts and twisters
And lightening flares shakes the hearts and quivers
Refreshing your bones and the skin behind your fingers

Remember me

When a moment of appreciation and gratitude flashes upon
And a touch of glamour and grandeur creeps within your body

Bracing love and affection, all through your flights of fancy

Remember me

When you walk side by side to the waves of the sea
And a handful of salt blows your face and turns your head away
Inflicting coldness, draftiness, but still you are carried away

Remember me

When you jot down all thoughts running in your mind
In a moment of inspiration, you can't help, it is insight
Stirring in your inner frames of mind struggling to come to sight

Remember me

When you stand waiting for the queue to move a bit
And, the line of life can't stand, for your turn, a little bit
Waiting for you to take a step, or else it will pay no heed to

Remember me

When you love what you do, and do what you love
And dedicate your life, your time, your money, your self
Contributing to the world's art and knowledge

Remember me
It is my last glance, my last look at you

For all the Goods and the Rights,

I know it is quite a pain to tolerate
I know it is quite a disease to sustain

But for all the goods and the rights
For your three angels and your man
For your angelic mother and your adorable sister
For your small and your big family
For all your loved and your beloved ones

For all the strength you show and all the weakness you hide
For the stars that shine and for the sun that rises
For the flowers that bloom and smile to you everyday
For the deep blue sea that you walk by so gay

Just be strong and eat it alive; cut it short & hit it, with no fright
It has picked the weak side, but proved that it was misguided, ill wise.

Let your extra smile be brighter and lighter than ever
Let your hidden power make you as active as ever

Be as wild as the flowers that grow on the field
Be as free as the wind that blows through the trees

Be the flock of birds and the sea of whales
Be the knight that defends and the lion that attacks
Be the wild lion and the fierce horse that goes on the battlefield

It is weak and it is feeble, of no right to go in and to have an access
So, get it out, and don't give up, it is your ground and not its to possess

As heavy as it sounds to ears and as its pains are agonizing to see
Let the mind play images of sound and let the tempo guide your feet

If words could be lasting and if day could be of endless nights
If I could take each moment to spare and each paper to write
It wouldn't be enough and it would never fill my passion's fights

But that's the pace of human race and I have just realized that

When life begins to taste like sour lime,
Just be you; for you can only be you; the soul that shines

Rhondus and Rhombus

They say it is Rhondus
I say it is a Rhombus
Chips salty- like
With nothing tastes alike

It feels like tasting gems: biting one and nibbling others
Colorful , yummy …yummy so delightful & light
It is like Doritos, Chipsy, Cheetos and all the sorts
Having them in our stomach but cannot tell or like

We always hide them from our parents
We always pretend to dislike
But we can't deny the fact
That we love them, all days and nights

I believe the case will always be with them:"the dislike"!
For being so mouthwatering but with preservations and colours
But ,actually we love them as fatty kid burying his chocolates
In his drawers, under the pillow, or beneath his clothes in delight

My Mother, Myself
And Exams Times

Won't you give me a break, dude?
Won't you give me some space to "nude"?

Look! What you've got on mind!! ⓘ
"Nude" is not what you think, mother, my light ?
It is not about getting unclothed & naked at hours at night
But about giving me some space to think and to bright
To get exposed to others, to confront and to fail
Yes, I want to fail, while being young and frail
Isn't it better than to fail while being old and full-]grown?
Years then would get on my nerves and failure becomes not just a face frown
When failure becomes an ultimate end with no return or any gain
And success becomes a far fetched dream with so much bleed & drain
So, isn't it better to fail now and to be?
Rather than to fail in my future with no grains to seed?

I know it is hard to believe
I know it is hard to say
You won't believe me
And you'd almost certainly say "what a foolish barmy kid am I ?

What a naughty lousy daughter am I ?
Not only am I lousy at my room
Never get it cleaned or beds sheet neat
Never tidying my desk which is full of nuts and bugs
Eating over my laptop that's become a home of friendly creepy pests
Spots of drinks are sparking over the walls, the iPods and all the rest

Nevertheless,
I am still your daughter whom you cannot live without
I am still your daughter whom you could not sleep or rest
With the feeling of me, being unrest or deep down behind

Really , my mother
If high scores will make you happy and glad
I'll get you all the belts till the blue and the black
If high marks will make this glare look a smiley one
I'll get you all the A+s with nothing less or, none

But sometimes, I just want to play, with anything my eyes could peek or glance at
I want to play and to get distracted with lots of things during my stay
It really pleasures me to play in my most crucial exam times
I know you'll get wild, outrageous and start vigorous fights

I know you'll say you won't succeed, you won't be number one
You are damned crazy girl who wants to be grounded and trampled upon

But you know what? exam times are the highest times of bright
To be smart, to be intelligent and to do lots of things all at one time

When I play during my exams times with my Wii, I pod or even use the Wi-Fi
It makes me feel that life is more than just study, revise, lessons and sour lime
And it could make me feel cheerful and able to do more with delight
May be I will invent something or create some sort of game
May be I'll become the inventor of I pad 4, 5 or any of the same

Or
May be I'd be the inventor of a minus D or E mark or a minus nine
You see!!Both are good 'cause I'd be the inventor of something at the end of the night

My mother, I know you want the best
And excellence seems to be the only reason to fest.
But,

What if ?only what if ?

I tired to reach low scores once

Do u think I'd be glad and merry like before

It would be my lesson to be taught and to fear of the unknown

And that would be my ultimate failure which I will dread and fear in my young age

So isn't it better to fail some time now, but never to fail when hair grows grey & nay

I do know I am just speaking crap and caramel say

And you 'd say" excellence remains excellence "no matter what age ?

"And now or never to be , you are just so young to say "

You never know how much I want the best for you

How much I do think of you, how much I do care for you

And you'll never feel the same, unless you are in my shoes nowadays

When you grow old and become a mother, you'll feel the same today

So stop that crap and caramel say of yours

And go to your math,! Tomorrow you have an exam to take"

It is you father's fault: who bought such a lousy crap of I Pad

I told him, "Let it be after exams? "But who listens! He too, is a crap

Work ....Work

Hurdling there... getting late
Sitting 9 hours
Quitting some times
Bad times with managers
Stress, coffee and Back ache

I guess it was enough to
Say "work" and you would guess all the rest

T.Y.P.E WRITER ⟶ *LOSING MY RIGHT TO FIGHT*

I F T stands for its old back times traditions
If Y stands for its very antique ere years
If P stands for its severe fingertip pains
If E stands for its snooping nosiness to ears

If you add all T.Y.P.E , and the verb "write" then add the suffix "er",
You'll get the very compound word, T.Y.P.E .W.R.I.T.E.R.

Oh! How much do I hate its combination as much as I do hate its sounds?
Oh! How much do I detest myself when sitting on its chair and playing its keys
Oh! How much do I feel aged and going back in time to its 1800 's founds
Oh! How much do I have sense of abhorrence: bending down on my knees?

If I had ever imagined that I would be using a type writer in 2010
I would have never allowed my hands to touch its grey corpse in 2008

If I had ever felt that it would create such a hectic loudness in my head ,
I would have never allowed my mind to learn how it should be taught & fed

It's not like playing the piano for their resemblances are extremely unlike
It is not like reading the musical notes: they are not much alike

It does not have music, or films or even a good screen
It is so dull and full of headache to the brain skeptic sphere

It is so naughty that when I switch to other language, it has a wheel to steer
It is so stupid that when I hit it so hard, it also produces its sluggish silly TRRRK jeer

Its ink lasts for no more than a week and its eraser has to be changed day by day
It has no computer program and it is of no fun or sun, so fray, no gay

Its mere presence spreads chills up and down my spines
Its whole existence causes me nauseas and heart fires

Oh! As much as I do love the part “W.R.I,T.E.R , as much as I do hate the part T.Y.P.E

Oh! As much as I will be using the TYPEWRITER, as much as I fear losing my fight to live R.I.G.H.T

Is it Business or Human Like?

Time is closing: moments are dying
Curtains are drawing close: light is fading out

I guess it is time to say good-bye: to bid farewell.

As short time as I got to meet you
As so short the time it would take me to miss you

I was not primed to cling to persons: to humans
But all what I got is more and more innate Man

As Madame told me once: it is all business like.
I got the idea: I'd suppress all for: trade and alike

I tried to hold back what I felt: I tried to be detached
I didn't want to get involved or to get more occupied

But Alas! That was my ultimate dread and fret

As time was running and as minutes were ticking by
I loved those persons who showed me tears & fears

I loved those ones who stood by my side, with no tire
I loved those who taught me a word, two or much alike

As weary and drained out, I was afraid to leave you
As happy and glad, I was able to be there with you

I owe you my friends, fellows and madams

From head to toe: I learnt a bundle of things
From head to toe: I will never let them go

Not only did I learn about cargos, containers: loads and goods
Not only did I learn about freights, funds: currencies and cashes
Not only did I learn about agents, mediators and navigators

I learnt how to be sturdy, and full of guts and wits،

I learnt how not to be nervy, and not to be a chick،

I learnt, how to be a human, in world of money and means
I learnt how to express and articulate myself, not anyone else

That is the tale of my life in the past three months

For you wouldn't believe me, when I tell you this
But: It is the truth, with nothing more or less

It is you, Madame, who guided me, holding sunshine
I t is you, who told me: it is business here, if you like

That is when your words kept mulling over and over in my head
They stood humming there, as though, studying them by heart

May you remember me with these words, and also،

With these blossoms, blooming before your eyes.

For we are all humans: and to earth we shall return to

Eight Hours a Day; Six Days a Week
A Big Lie

Eight hours a day; six days a week
As profitable as it might seem to be
As unproductive it has actually been

Though falcon is its alluring name,
Failure, her companion, has been the case

Times were frozen and cold
No heat; no passion; everything was bitterly fold

Stillness; we stood motionless, as if work was functioned
We were computerized;, programmed and getting fed

Androids were what we were supposed to be
So we were; souls and hearts we ceased to be

If a moment of creativity flashed up
You would be muddy, murky and mad

If a moment of craziness went around
As folly as foolish you would seem to be

If a moment of tranquility, you felt living
A great loss; you would be thrashed with a whip

Nothing was real. Even its green areas,
Were nothing but fake and false image of nature

Trees were dehydrated; leaves were dreadfully drained
They had taken after, like everything else; the dead life

A spasm of pain was running in between the veins
Blood was oozing everywhere; yet it cannot be seen

Fury is rant and rave; and hatred is spurred
Rage is outburst; and anger is flared up

There was love; from time to time creeping round
But, it cannot stand still because of the venom spit

The air we breathe was filled with scents of bleeding heart
Gossips and rumors were circulating, like a swarm of bees

May be that is true in all places alike
Having no idea; it was my very first footing

Having witnessed all;
I could tell; it is a big lie

Every Saturday Night and Tomorrow's Work Like

Every Saturday night foreshadows tomorrow's work like
It always feels like my first day at school with all the details alike

My shoes are neat as a brand new pair
My clothes are clean and ironed over my chair's so gay
My hair is done at the coiffeur so fair
And I am fully aspired for tomorrow's new day

I do miss my friends and my beloved ones in these couple of days
Trying to keep them straight into my mind all right
I do try to keep pace with Thursday, as it is always the last of all workdays
And refresh my memory with its dilemmas, reports or a pending file

Though I miss all these and sometimes I miss my working day hours
I do, also wonder why the weekends always pass so fast

Why is it always like that with good times as they are usually at speed with time?
Thursdays with friends and Friday family gatherings
Are the ones, which keep me alive until the next week comes?

Time flies and in so it touches millions of lives
Happy and merry days never, for good, last

Ethics & Assets

I have just had an argument about
Ethics & Assets

Here in the Arab countries, pronounced the same
And to some people, their senses are the same

The conversation started a bit weirdly but wordily speaking
It could have never come across my mind that I'd start writing
About Assets: buildings, cash, funds, capital and interests
About Ethics: the divine word that has troubled linguists
Would it be the rite ? Or the right?
Would it be the good? Or the goods?

And the reason says,"why"?

She asked me, my mother, "How will you save your money?
"In Assets "I said, in a laudable smile
"In Ethics "she asked, "how come, my baby?

"Assets"
Assets! I repeated it twice to let be heard all right

"Ah! Ethics ....that' would be bright, my child"
"I am proud of you," she answered in delight

"No...My mother, No! It is Assets , my light
Why can't you grasp this word, right?"

"Yeah, Assets would be great, dear?"
She said it right but she still stuck to the old ethics light.

"Mummy, :Assets , not Ethics , how come would I invest in "Ethics"?
My voice got stiff and my lung got shrunk in its own narrow tricks
"Assets ...Assets, you know "A-S-S-E-T-S" !

Oh! No: I don't know; does this word exist? I imagined, you are saying "Ethics "?
Her voice came saddled lumbering with countless pain, distress and mistrusts

"No, Mummy, it is like buildings, cars, villas, resorts, money cash and so on "
To invest my money in such assets and then to sell in a few years for the double,
The tripple and it might even jump to millions if I win a dazzling cookie of fortune.

All people do so nowadays, rather than putting them in bank savings or such sorts"

"Not ETHICS, Mummy, it is Assets"

"mmm....AA..SS..ETS

Ahaa"

She said ,

Ok, I got it"

"Assets" she murmured

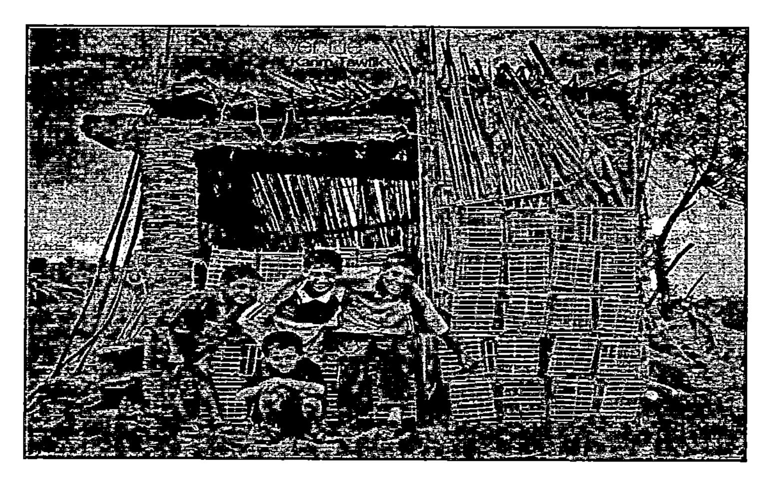
Mmm

"Ah! Assets, "she muttered

Ahaaaaaa

"Oh, Ethics!!She mumbled, walking outside in the murky mist.

My Egyptian Face



I am not with jade green eyes, blue azure or grey
I am not blonde nor my hair is blond like the sun ray
I am not wearing fancy clothes or craving chocolate fondue
Just wearing a poor slipper and my brother's old pants so dimple
Just having my mother's outfit that she borrowed
From the lady she does her house shores with some sorrow

My father works in this cottage day and night
He gathers straws and fills them with the backyard corns for nigh

And then supplies them in carriages of donkey's and horses
And don't know to whom he sells and to where he retails for some coins
From where he gets the cracked bread, beans and my school fees
From where does he give us money for our whole family of six?
For my sick grandmother, having to live with Diabetes & kidney failure?
No sessions could be done as the session costs trillion of pounds in bailers.

So she is staying with us , in a similar cottage!
But I love our house!
Cozy but so much torture penetrating my marrow?
Which has become so narrow?

The boy next to me, on my left , is my elder brother
He left his school! And joined a gang?
Yes! a gang to threaten people in streets bang –bang – bang
Steel their wallets or mobiles or even cars
And then to sell them to gain prestige in the yards
To gain money and to buy cigarettes, hoe and all his needs
It is so sad to see my elder brother, so young in a world of weeds

This is my Hoksha , as he wants to call himself but the name was really :Shereef !

The young boy smiling, on my right
Is always smiling with this face in all lights
He is my buddy! A boy who lives in the street
Used to be our neighbor but now living merely in these straws so mean
His father died; his mother remarried to a somehow litter
And his stepfather threw him out, just few days later!
Just like everyday story to all children living in streets
Hassan is my buddy, who is always beside me, in good and bad deeds

The little cuddled one is just six years old
He is my twenty year old sister son,
Got it , I guess No !
He is my twenty- year old sister's, son,
So moaning his story but has to be told, so right!

Yes! a girl gave birth to a boy
Both are young and both are fertile
And the why? is just why ?
My father sold her to a fifth- year old long beard man
After consulting a Salfyist sheikh in our neighborhood small mosque
He is our Imam, but sometimes I don't like his preaches

I can’t see their eyes! I can't list their flaws! Only breaches?

He just told my father "let her get marry as soon as she reaches puberty

"Protect her from evil eyes! God will not bless you if you don't!"

Father, poor father!

Was afraid of Allah's curse?

Made Fatna marry, but not anyhow merry?

She was his fourth wife, acting like a child

Got beaten to death for not doing the role of a wife

Got pregnant! Gave birth to Morsy! And then Fatna died

Oh ! POOR Fatna !

She died when only twenty?

She bled to death! When giving birth to another life !

All her fault was her father's fault ?

And her husband stubborn mind who refused to bring her

The MALE doctor in our area!

And left her bleed till she passed away!

Leaving Morsy to us!

Who has just turned six?

But Morsy wants to be a fisherman!
So he always sits by this small lake whenever he can
He catches some fish with his own small bare hands.
And keeps moving around with second hand lens trying to

But ,
I'll become a good person for Morsy and Hassan
For my brother Hoksha , who wants to be like Abu Treika or Ahmed Hassan
For my grandma whom I 'll cure her from all her pains
For my mother whom I want her to rest from all life strains
For Fatna who died like all youth this year ,
For only bread, freedom and justice to be yield
And all what they got
Is
Dying In Vain

The photo is taken by the photographer Kareem Tawfik. Thank you Kareem for letting me use it as it did inspire me to write the story mingled with facts and some story telling.

About the Author

Ameera Fouad was born in Alexandria, Egypt. As an undergraduate student in the Faculty of Arts, English Department, she started with Gazania, a monthly Magazine. Gazania Magazine was her first attempt at reflecting the society in a way that is related to her generation and their understanding of the world.

Currently, she is pursuing her writing career as a freelance writer and journalist in Ahram Weekly Newspaper, Cilantro Magazine, Alex Agenda and E-MAJ Magazine (Euro-Mediterranean Academy for Young Journalists).



Her salient passion in poetry began at an early age (4 years old) and her maiden poem was "Peace", which was about Palestine, the Palestinians Up-rise and her dream of world peace. Egypt's Twilight &Twinkles in Daylight is the author's first book and God is willing, it will be her first of many to come.



People are judging
People are commenting
People are twitting
People are acting
People are lying
People are following
People are rioting
People are pushing
People are barbering
People are murdering
People ...
are...
mm...
People, I think.
But
They ceased to be
humans

Once the adventure begins, it could not come to a halt. Writing never dies. Inspiration never ends. Dreams never croak.

This is a book of poetry collection mirroring Egyptian streets, beauty and love, politics and society, work hurdles and bustles, families and friends. Trying to reflect political conflicts and searching for the innate human nature. This book poses many questions a layman is facing nowadays, in Egypt. Clinging to the memories of the past, looking forward to our future, the present is very blurry to see what is going on. However life remains magical, on its own .This book is the voice of women, of children, of the downtrodden, of the poor, of the educated ... of the Egyptian to believe in a twilight which will inevitably make you touch the stars and see the twinkles in Egypt's light..

